

BY ALICE DUER MILLER.

Sibyl Uses the Woman's Privilege.



"I HAVE COME FOR MRS. BRUCE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE THE HOUSE AT ONCE."

not in the car before him, he would be obliged to come back and fight it all out in the open.

And the bishop moved into the garden, side by side, maintaining a stiff silence. Then the bishop said: "You are not taking your gun after all?"

"I sent it down by my man," said Rawley, and glanced quickly at the bishop's face: it was a mask.

"As you happened to see the cedars Freddie looked up. 'Oh, are you going, Mr. Rawley?' he said without enthusiasm.

"I think so," said Rawley. He couldn't be quite sure.

The boy rose and said with a mixture of aggressiveness and timidity: "You weren't a very successful messenger, Mr. Rawley. I don't think I should advise any one to depend

"You'd go to help them out," said Rawley, "if I was a white man, I'd never one of my favorite heroes," answered Rawley.

"Don't know what you mean by that," said the boy. But Rawley, noticing that the bishop understood him perfectly and was taking alarm, changed the subject rapidly.

"You notice my chauffeur passing by with my gun?"

"No," said the boy. "I don't think so." "You believe some one did go past, but he looked more like a fisherman than a chauffeur."

"Of course," said the boy. "I know," said Rawley, "but he's very valuable to me—more valuable than any one I ever had." His manner grew more confidential.

"You'll probably bray and say: 'Good-by,' he said."

"And one other thing," said the boy with a certain swagger, "I don't like to see you go on your African trip either."

"Of course not," said the bishop. "You're going to stay here and be married."

"In any case, I should care to go to do business with this gentleman," said Freddie.

"Doubtless he can find some one in my class."

"Yes," said Rawley, "I think I can. If I think I know just the person, and

he ran down the garden steps and disappeared.
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Natural Observer

Generally by that time one side or another down there on the field have gained 30 yards and had it taken away because they done it on the bias which they call off-side.

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I DUNNO who invented foot ball in the first place, but I'll bet a whole lot of people have.

One thing is sure, it was never in anybody's mind that arithmetic teacher would sell that old car for less than those foot ballers add. But, believe you me, it certainly is a funny way to live. I have seen a fellow get away in the very middle of it who will stop dead and one feller will beat him.

Generally he snaps out 11-7—65—49—3. Just as quick! At first I used to try and add 'em up myself, but after a while I learned to keep my eye yet did hear any of the boys on the field give the answer. I suppose we was too far away.

And there were these and several other tender and tough recollections came over me the other night while I was lying down on an old pillow. We would catch the train at Portsmouth, catch a bite to eat at Catsup's cafe near the trolley, catch part of the show at the Grand Opera house, catch the six-eleven home. In fact

[illegible]

CHIEF among industries is that which gives us sugar. There was a time when sugar was a luxury. In the old colonial days it cost 75 cents a pound, says *Nature Magazine*. Large scale production, however, has brought the commodity within the reach of everybody, and it is now a staple article of our diet. The United States consumes about 5,000,000 long tons of sugar a year.

AS THEY STOOD THUS, THE DOOR OPENED AND MRS. BRUCE CAME BACK.

Nobody Feels or Looks Natural At Foot Ball Game, Says Observer

has her out spending money on her. Nobody expects a really womanly woman to know much about foot ball, but you can't expect a man to know half, or your second half, whatever it happens to be, makes some remarks about the game. He gains 10 yards, a person should merely say yes dear, although not able to see where the actual goods are, even when he is told that the goods are left in the fists of Goofnah's players. * * * *

OF course, I believe a wife should take a intelligent interest in foot ball if her husband does, but so far I have found out that the most intelligent method is merely to yes him when he is talking about the game. He will then consider you got a great sporting interest and are a real ball game girl. * * *

So generally and Mrs. Bush both pull that yes dear stuff and leave our men enjoy themselves. Nothing to do with the foot ball game.

generally by that time one side or another down there on the field have gained 30 yards and had it taken care of. The referee blows the whistle on the bias which they call off-side. I DUNN * * * * I invented foot ball in the first place, but I'll bet the referee and the referee's mate, the retail dry goods business and started life at the dress goods counter—although I don't know so far from the way everything is measured by yards.

One thing is sure, it was never invented by any arithmetic teacher. Anybody can tell that from the way the game is played. I'll bet I'll save you of me, it certainly is a funny feature of any foot ball game, the referee blows the whistle and the game will stop dead and one feller will get to count.

Generally he snaps out 11—7—65—49—30—just that. At first I used to try and add 'em up myself, but after a few tries I quit and I never

For a man quicker than a girl who earnestly wants to understand it.

"Remember, last year, the cute tunes were being sung out of the field. Particularly the Goofnah University Anathema. It was real impressive, after all the buzz it had been getting about the field. The Goofnah minimum stand up all solemn, their hats in their hands, and sing that glorious old song 'Vox Populi'."

"I can't quite remember, with his new green velvet jacket, with his yellow gloves, his eyes half closed, his face all serious, singing in the singing scene, where the best is like the worst:

"For dear old Mother Goofnah,
So long as life shall hold,
I'll praise you, I'll love you,
Nor tra-la-da grow cold."

I do think songs with noble sentiments like that are perfectly grand, or would be, if anybody could ever get them down. But I never did. I want to knock that dolly, gaydog

field gave the answer. I suppose we was too far away.

Well, anyways, there and several other, tough recollections came over me the other night while George was burbling on about how we would catch the Foot Ball Special from the trolley to the field. "Catch near the trolley, catch part of the trolley to the field, catch cold and catch the six-eleven home. In fact, it's a little more complicated than going to be catch-as-catch-can."

It was a picture to arouse everything except enthusiasm in any body else. But I don't see what a battle would be as a mere nothing to the healthy young boy Geo. was planning to feel like that day.

I say, Geil, Geo., says, this time I got a good mind to confine my activities with gridlons to the one on our kitchen stove. I dunno just what good foot ball playing is worth, but I want to go out and renew our youth and come home all

long of the merry old campus, though. Far from it, I think they help a foot ball player become a man. When I was anywhere, after I been to one of them games and got home and become thawed out, I often catch myself going around the house and saying, "Boola boola you're a boola," or "Hitchy dickie dola bia, old Harvard can never . . ."

I say I catch myself, and I fully realize that is fortunate, because if I didn't and somebody else did, why they would very likely call the bulance before I got a chance to explain.

Foot ball takes a whole lot of work, but it personally means a lot never at a loss for something to amuse me when at a foot ball game.

I always remember to bring along a few pennies for the concession stand, and when the players is being penalized 20 yards why I do a little "Hitchy dickie dola" and make a few jokes or look at the funny pictures of the squads, Right and Left, and

wore out with being juvenile, I says. If we want to be young, why not satisfy ourselves with a second childhood around home?

And Geo. says, that's right, start a fight if you can't win it. Why not? But if you don't know what foot ball playing is good for, I will tell you right now. Foot ball is splendid practice for a fellow who expects to get married and stay that way!

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Sugar by the Ton.

CHIEF among industries is that which gives us sugar. There was a time when sugar was a luxury. In the old colonial days it cost 75 cents a pound, says Nature Magazine. Large staple crops were raised, however, and brought the commodity within the reach of everybody, and it is now a staple food of the world. The United States consumes about 5,000,000 long tons of sugar a year.

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